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Spectator of Books.

POLISH SKETCHES.

Poland under the Dominion of Russia. By Harro Harring, late Cadet in the Lancer Regiment of the Grand Duke Constantine's Imperial Russian Body-Guard. Cochrane and Co.

THIS volume presents, at first sight, many attractions; it relates to the internal state, manners, and constitution of a people about whom much interest has been expressed, but of whom very little has hitherto been known; it is written by one who has had considerable personal experience in the scenes and events he describes; and, which to some will be the greatest recommendation of all, it has been found to contain so many historical and state truths as to render its rigorous suppression on the continent indispensable.

Poland, with its shackled freedom and enslaved heroes, is now a dark and melancholy chaos, in regarding which the heart is lost in sorrow, as the mind is lost in doubtful perplexity. We opened the present pages, therefore, prepared to sympathize in highly wrought appeals to our feelings of liberality and humanity, and indignant comments on the tyrannical cruelties of the Russian despot. But we soon found we were mistaken in our author, who, though the aim to be attained was the same, had adopted a widely different course from that we had anticipated. No complaints, no bewailings, no pathetic appeals, no eloquent vituperation of the infantile monster, (for his freaks and vagaries are but those of an overgrown baby,) but a plain and simple narrative of facts, with an occasional shrewd comment, expressed or understood, are the means

by which our indignation is raised to a pitch only equalled by our thorough contempt for its miserable object.

This book is divided into three parts, the first, comprising our author's "Journey from Prussia to Warsaw," full of pleasantly told incidents, illustrative of the miserable state of the country; the second, "Sketches of Warsaw," in which the arch-duke, or arch-devil, Constantine, with his military inspections, and his spies, and his pride, and his folly, and his cruelty, is brought vividly and graphically before us; and the last, devoted to the "Political System of Poland."

Appearance of the Country.—Harro Harring represents the Prussian frontier of Poland as a flat and dreary waste, and dwells with characteristic regret upon the last glimpses of "the stately oaks in the neighbourhood of Militsh." "Feast your eye on their rich green foliage," he says; "or, if it be winter, on their hoar covered branches; open your heart at sight of them, and bid farewell to Germany. But, having done this, close your heart as securely as your portmanteau; have a care of your words as of your purse; for you are approaching Poland."

Further on he says:—"Reader, can you form an idea of how the earth looked before it was formed? Perhaps you cannot, but I can, for I have travelled through Prussian Poland. Among the many pictures which are constantly present in my recollection, the aspect of that country is the most remarkable; it is a compound of sand, marsh, clay, straw, and dung. A prominent point in the picture is a village: to give it this denomination is perhaps an insult to all other miserable villages on the face of the earth; but, nevertheless, it is a village. In this picture the two principal objects are heaven and chaos; for the earth, as I have before observed, seems to be yet unformed. Here and there above the sand arise some shattered roofs, broken mud walls, and filthy dung-hills, which seemed to totter as the wheels of our carriage rolled past them. This was the whole."

Again:—"Here the four seasons appear to be engaged in a criminal process respecting the death of nature. There are only three elements and a half; namely, air, earth, marsh, and just enough fire to light a pipe." This sketch, so original and so amusing, may, perhaps, be a little overdrawn.

The Custom-house Examinations, and

other official processes, are minutely described; the dangers of literature are thus related:—

"We proceeded to the post-office to go through the required ceremonies. Our trunks had already been searched on our arrival, and they had been full half an hour under inspection, before we went to the hotel. My books now became the subject of examination; and when the inspector informed me that they must be sealed up and forwarded to Warsaw, I produced a list of their titles and declared myself the author of the "Student of Salamanca;" of the "Mainottes;" "the Bliztoni," and the "Psariot."

"The student of Salam—Mainot—Bliz—Ps—Psariot—" mumbled the inspector, while he scanned me from head to foot. "I will be personally responsible for the contents of these books," said I, "I am the author and will present myself to the censor at Warsaw." "Hem!" replied the inspector, "if you are the author, it is of very little use to send the books forward alone—But what are the books about?"—"Oh! they contain essays on whist and boston, flying machines, and Bavarian puddings," said I; and the inspector turned to another trunk."

The Polish Ladies present more attractions than Polish scenery, and our author appears to have a heart and an eye capable of duly estimating them. "It was ten o'clock," says he, "and fair female faces were visible at the open windows in the principal streets. I buttoned my coat up to the throat, thinking it advisable to defend my heart. The Polish women are beautiful . . . but that is not all . . . they are exquisitely beautiful. I am almost convinced that Eve must have been a Pole." Again:—"My travelling companion told me of a gentleman who, after losing his heart in Germany, his soul in France, his understanding in Italy, was made a bankrupt of all his senses in Poland; and when thus reduced to the condition of a moral skeleton, he retired, for the enjoyment of matrimonial happiness, to Russia."

An original, but not inelegant vein of sprightliness, is apparent in almost every page; and whether he talks of ladies' smiles, the cat-o-nine-tails, soldiers' uniforms, or government spies, he has always some shrewd and piquant remark to make.

Treason in Music.—In the diligence he happens to meet with a young Pole, whose

soul is weighed down with care and anxiety under the awful responsibility of being required to present himself, on his arrival at Warsaw, before the grand-duke, on whose humour or caprice his future fate depends. After conversing and commiserating with him for some little time, he says:—

"We threw ourselves back in the corners of the diligence, and joined in a sort of sighing duet, which was suddenly interrupted by one of our fellow passengers, who commenced humming a favourite French air, well known in Poland and in Germany for bringing to recollection Kosciusko's campaigns.

"The other passengers in the diligence, who had nearly fallen to sleep, started as if the coach had overturned, and looked about with surprise and consternation.

"For Heaven's sake, if you have any regard for your own safety or for ours, do not sing that air," exclaimed the young gentleman opposite to me. "The driver may inform against us, and we shall be sent God knows where."

Military Cruelties.—The condition of abject subjection in which the army is maintained, is well described in the second part;—the vindictive and brutal character of Constantine is worthy of further consideration, and we shall, therefore, conclude the present notice with an isolated instance from among the many traits of ingenious ferocity these pages disclose:—

"The officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horse-back, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

"One day an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the grand duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

"The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

"The rage of the grand-duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. 'Halt!' he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

"The officer who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

"Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fear-

ful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

"The grand-duke exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

"This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

"The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

"Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the grand-duke exclaimed for the fourth time:—'To the left about!—Forward!'—The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore-legs broken.

"The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him.

"A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the grand-duke, and laying his sword at his highness's feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honour he had enjoyed in the emperor's service.

"I take back your sword," said the grand-duke, gloomily, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?"

"The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

"This scene took place at St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses."

We must now quit this entertaining volume for the present, not, however, forgetting to compliment the translator upon the care and spirit with which, to all appearance, the character of the original has been preserved.

MORE MILITARY ADVENTURES.

Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier. By Lieut.-Col. J. Leach, C.B. Longman and Co.

NAPOLEON called England "a nation of shopkeepers;" an epithet, in our opinion, (as [we think it was privately in his own,] by no means to be held in the light of contempt. To look at the style of books, however, which we are now perpetually writing and publishing, a stranger might

fancy he were in the midst of a nation of soldiers; for no where on the face of the earth would he meet with such a variety of printed documents on the art and practice of war. Thus are our printing-offices metamorphosed into barracks and garrisoned towns, whilst our humble "devils" are inflated with the trumpet's stirring note, or terrified at the humane dictums of the orderly book; thus are our publishing-houses laid waste in all the horrors of the battle-field, and our circulating libraries and retail-shops turned into hospitals for the sick, and wounded, and disabled veterans on half-pay.

Bare military narratives have, to our mind, very little either to amuse or instruct; the details of butchery, and misery, and villany which they disclose can have little in themselves to captivate a truly humane or intellectual being. Nevertheless, the history of war, when written in the proper style, may contain much food for instructive and interesting speculation: it may lead man to consider, first, how far he is justified in slaughtering his fellow-men, and affrighting God's fair earth with their cries and with their blood, for the sake of "national glory"; and, secondly, how far such "national glory" is to be enhanced by a nation's tears for the loss of its brave youth, that nation's proudest boast and fondest hope. These considerations, added to a very natural inquisitiveness into political intrigue, and a love of novelty in the way of character and incident, which foreign expeditions never fail of bringing to light, are the only ground upon which military history can be deemed of value to the higher order of readers.—Many publications of late years have been richly supplied in such matters, and their reputation has therefore been well sustained; whilst many more, which contained nothing but coarse details of appalling incidents, and flippant jokes upon serious subjects, have fallen to the ground after a short career of a few weeks.

These remarks are not to be taken as necessarily applied to or resulting from the perusal of Colonel Leach's "Rough Sketches;" to say the truth, we have not seen enough of his work to decide whether it belong to the useful class of military narratives or not, our experience having as yet been confined to a few specimens which *The Literary Gazette* of last week triumphantly extracts from a volume which it has perused "with much interest." But as "interest" is a great word with *The Gazette*, and to be seen in almost all its writings as well as readings, we need not place extraordinary stress upon this recommendation of a book as yet, we believe, unpublished.

The author, however, may speak for himself; and we select one or two of *The Gazette's* best extracts for that purpose:—

In the Retreat from Talevara, "As neither bread, meat, nor rations of any kind, were to be had, General Crawford ordered that any animals in the shape of cattle, sheep, or pigs, which could be found in the extensive woods in which we halted for the evening, should forthwith be put in requisition for the troops; and never do I remember having seen orders so promptly obeyed. A most furious attack was instantly made on a large herd of pigs, which, most fortunately for us, little dreamt of the fate that awaited them, or, I presume, they would have absconded on our first appearance in the forest. It would be useless to attempt a description of the scene of noise and confusion which ensued. The screeches and cries of those ill-fated swine, as they met their death at the point of the bayonet, the sword, or serjeant's pike, and the rapidity with which they were cut up into junks, with the hair on, and fried on the lids of camp-kettles, or toasted at the fire on a pointed stick, to allay the cravings of hunger of some thousands of half-famished soldiers, was quite incredible, and, I must add, truly ludicrous. As neither bread, salt, nor vegetables, were to be procured, it must be confessed that the repast was a singular one, although it was eaten with the greatest *gout*, and was washed down with some water from a rivulet hard by. At midnight we resumed our march."

Spanish Warfare.—"Being stationed at Almofala early in March, I witnessed a disgusting and cruel sight. Having gone with another officer to the mountainous bank which overhangs the river not far from the village, to visit the picket, we perceived a French soldier, *unarmed*, running down the mountain on the opposite side of the river, no doubt with the intention of trying to cross over and desert to us. Three Spanish shepherds, who were tending their sheep on the same side of the river, intercepted him, and beat him to death with their clubs in less time than it has taken me to write an account of the sickening sight. We called out, and made signals to them to desist, and to spare him, but in vain. We fired several shots over their heads to intimidate them, but it had no effect, and the butchery went on without our being able to interfere, or to interrupt those savages in what they considered, no doubt, a most patriotic and meritorious exploit. A deluge of rain had so swollen the river, which roared at the foot of the mountain, that to pass it was impossible; and, indeed, could we have effected it, the blood-thirsty shepherds would have escaped, before we could by possibility have reached them. To have inflicted the summary punishment on them with a rifle ball, which we all felt well inclined to do, would have been only an act of justice; but it was a step, nevertheless, which the higher

authorities would have visited with a heavy punishment. If the number of men which the French army lost by assassinations of a similar kind, during the whole of the war in the Peninsula, could be ascertained, it would be an interesting and extraordinary document. Much as every man, possessing the slightest degree of humanity, must abhor the inhuman system of killing stragglers, adopted by the Spaniards, great allowance must, nevertheless, be made for them, who thus retaliated for the countless acts of cruelty committed by their invaders."

Horrors of War.—"Thousands of the unfortunate inhabitants of the provinces through which our army had recently retreated, had abandoned their homes, and were endeavouring to exist between Lisbon and the lines. There was, therefore, an immense population hemmed up in a small space of country, hundreds of them without a house to cover them, or food to eat, except what was afforded by the bounty of the rich at Lisbon, and by the liberal subscriptions raised for them in England. In the course of the winter, the number of Portuguese who actually died of want was quite dreadful. It was not unusual to see hordes of these poor wretches, old and young, male and female, in rags, the very pictures of death, seated in despair on the wet ground, round a miserable fire, on which was placed an earthen vessel, full of such herbs as could be gathered in the fields and hedges. Thousands contrived to drag on a miserable existence on this vile sustenance. Their death-like, emaciated faces were sufficient to have touched the heart of the most callous and unfeeling. The British soldiers assisted them by every means in their power; and in the Light Division (as well as, I conclude, in every other) soup was made from the heads and offal of the cattle killed for the troops, and distributed amongst the starving inhabitants. I have a thousand times wished it were possible that every man, woman, and child, of all ranks, in England, could have been transported to this heart-rending scene only for five minutes; that by having had an insight into the various miseries to which the ill-fated inhabitants of the theatre of war are inevitably subjected, they might return satisfied, and bless their stars that an army of Frenchmen were not riding rough-shod over old England, and inflicting on its people similar miseries to those which I have attempted to describe."

A Camp Feast.—"The 25th of August being the anniversary of the formation of our corps, (the rifle corps, or 95th,) the three battalions of it determined, if our French neighbours did not interfere, to dine together, on the banks of the Bidasoa, in our camp-ground. Having constructed a long rude table, with benches round it equally so, seventy-three officers

sat down to such a dinner as we could scrape together, under a large hut made of the branches of trees, and within a short distance of the most advanced French sentinels. They looked down on us from the heights of Vera, but were too civil and well-behaved to disturb the harmony of so jovial a set of fellows. Neither vocal nor instrumental music was wanting after the feast; and, with the aid of cigars and black strap, we enjoyed the most extraordinary *fête champêtre* I ever witnessed:—as may easily be imagined, from the singularity of our situation, and the possibility of our being hurried from the festive board to stand to our arms."

Military Recreation.—"In the forest of Albuquerque, a few leagues distant, are red deer, wild boars, wolves, and foxes. To that forest we made several excursions, taking with us some of our best marksmen, and sleeping the night before in the small walled town of Ouguila, which is on the borders of the forest. Several fine red deer were killed, one of which, a very large stag, I was so fortunate as to bring down with a ball. Although neither wolves nor wild boars were brought to bag, we nevertheless had some shots at them. I look back on those excursions as amongst the happiest days of my life. General Crawford directed that the regiments of his division should frequently be marched to the river Caya, about four miles distant, to bathe. This was done independently by battalions. Trifling occurrences sometimes make lasting impressions; and the animated scene which our visit to the river produced I have never forgotten. Not only do I cherish the recollection of days long gone by, which were full of excitement, but I derive indescribable pleasure from placing before me, in battle array, some of those 'trifles light as air;' one of which, relative to our bathing excursions in the Caya, shall be detailed in as small a compass as possible. Whether the intention of General Crawford was, that the regiments should march to the river to bathe as fully armed and accoutred as if they were about to mount guard in some stiff-starched garrison, I cannot say; but I know that every corps did harness and march forth to the river in that form, except our own. Colonel Beckwith, on the contrary, always ordered our men, on these occasions, to take with them neither arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, nor any one thing except their light fatigue dress, foraging-caps, and a stick, for a purpose which shall immediately be explained. The officers were desired to take with them their fowling-pieces and greyhounds; and in this light, easy attire we marched to the river. As soon as we were clear of the walls of Campo Maior, the whole battalion was extended in one long line in skirmishing order, bringing rather forward the wings, and proceeding

in this manner straight across the great plain to the river. Hares, rabbits, and partridges, were soon started at all points; when such shooting, coursing, and knocking down with sticks and stones, and such *mobbing* of quadrupeds and birds commenced, that a game-preserving John Bull would undoubtedly have stigmatised us as a most nefarious corps of poachers. The process of bathing having been duly performed, the same scene took place on our return to the town; and the spirit and glee with which all hands entered into the sport may easily be conceived. Those who know nothing of the habits of the red-legged partridge would be surprised to be told that we frequently made parties to *ride them down*. I can fancy the incredulous stare of some of my countrymen, if they heard any person bold enough to make such an assertion. But that it is not more strange than true, there are many living witnesses to prove. If a red-legged partridge be pursued by a person on horseback whilst on the wing, and a great noise and shouting is made, he will not rise a second time, but will continue running, and at last crouch, and allow himself to be taken up. I have but rarely known them to rise and take a second flight."

With this we conclude, wishing Colonel Leach's volume all the success it may deserve, and hoping, what *The Literary Gazette* asserts, that "he has produced a work creditable to himself, and likely to be popular with the public."

FIELDING.

The Novelists' Library. Edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Vol. V. *Tom Jones*, Vol. I. Cochrane & Co.

Four hundred and eighty good solid pages of letter-press, with four spirited etchings by George Cruikshank, and a portrait of Fielding, after the "original sketch by Hogarth," mentioned in our last, are not the only recommendations of this cheap and elegant volume. A clever and amusing "memoir of the author," compiled and digested with considerable judgment by Roscoe, precedes the body of the work.

Fielding was a man of great genius, if not a great man of genius; his genius was of an active and various kind, and applied itself with facility in the hour of need to whatever task was set before it. Innumerable stage-farces, and two folios on crown law; various political pamphlets, and essays on conversation, and men and manners; three or four novels, and a political newspaper, entitled *The True Patriot*, in turn, and as necessity required, or opportunity offered, were alike easily hit off.

"He was often known to enter into an engagement over night with some manager to bring him a play at a certain time, and then to go to his lodgings, after spending

the evening at a tavern, and write a scene on the papers in which he had wrapped his tobacco, presenting his composition to the players next morning for rehearsal."

When prevented by ill-health and gout from attending to his profession of the law, he was once more obliged "to have recourse to the managers of playhouses to provide food for his family. As his plays or farces did not produce sufficient for this purpose, he wrote pamphlets, or articles in newspapers and other periodicals, to make up the deficiency, and provide for the morrow as it came. 'It will serve,' says Murphy, in speaking of this period of his life, 'to give us an idea of the great force and vigour of his mind, if we consider him pursuing so arduous a study under the emergencies of family distress; with a wife and children whom he tenderly loved, looking up to him for subsistence; with a body lacerated by the acutest pains; and with a mind distracted by a thousand avocations; and obliged for immediate supply, to produce, almost extempore, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a newspaper.' The best, picture, however, which has been given of his distress, is one from his own pen, in the form of an epistle to Sir Robert Walpole; and as it will serve to let the reader see his power as a versifier, we shall transcribe it:—

"While at the helm of state you ride,
Our nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, sir, to view
Your bard a greater man than you?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.

"You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and happiness is seen.
If then, as it might follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great;
Forbid it, gods, that you should try
What 'tis to be so great as I!

"The family that dines the latest,
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall
Fore him who never dines at all.

"Your taste in architect, you know,
Hath been admired by friend and foe;
But can your earthly domes compare
With all my castles—in the air?

"We're often taught, it doth behove us
To think those greater, who're above us;
Another instance of my glory,
Who live above you, twice two story;
And from my garret can look down
On the whole street of *Arlington*.

"Greatness by poets still is painted
With many followers acquainted:
This too doth in my favour speak;
Your levee is but twice a week;
From mine I can exclude but one day,
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

"Nor in the manner of attendance,
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance.
Familiar you to admiration
May be approached by all the nation;
While I, like the mogul in *Indo*,
Am never seen but at my window.
If with my greatness you're offended,
The fault is easily amended;
For I'll come down, with wondrous ease,
Into whatever *place* you please.
I'm not ambitious; little matters
Will serve us great, but humble creatures.

"Suppose a secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with a while;
Admiral, gen'ral, judge, or bishop:
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negotiation,
Tuscan and French are in my head,
Latin I write, and *Greek*—I read.

"If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least.
What fittest for?—You know, I'm sure;
I'm fittest for—a *sine-cure*."

"This *jeu-d'esprit*, however," adds Mr. Roscoe, "was written some time before he fell into the distressed situation alluded to by Murphy." However this may be, there can be no doubt that Fielding, when in trouble, had a wonderful command over his faculties and feelings; yet, so strong as he was in misfortune, how weak was he during the fleeting hours of his prosperity. He married, when a young man, a Miss Cradock, who brought him a *fortune* of 1500*l.*; soon after which he came into possession of an estate of about 200*l.* a year. What did he then? Did he pursue his course of fame and profit? Secured against penury, did his energies revive within him to produce him affluence and comfort? No! "With an imprudence greater than is usually heard of even in the annals of authorship, he proceeded to take up his residence on his newly-acquired property, with all the consequence of a man who had just come into the possession of some thousands per annum. His mansion was filled with servants; he dressed his footmen in fashionable yellow liveries, bought dogs and horses, and visited in the same style of elegance as the wealthiest persons in the neighbourhood.

"It may easily be supposed that his wife's 1500*l.* and his estate of 200*l.* a year, were soon found insufficient for this mode of living; and, after three years, he discovered to his sorrow that his little property was almost all dwindled away. As regret, however, was now unavailing, he wisely resolved upon repairing the injury he had done himself and his family in the best manner he was able. With this resolution he hastened back to London, and entered himself as a student in the Temple."

How true, too often, even in our days, is this melancholy picture. Fielding appears to have been a very amiable, and for

his time, we doubt not, a respectable character. "In his youth he was imprudent, fond of pleasure, and careless of its consequences, but his maturer years beheld him a firm and consistent advocate of religion and justice, a faithful friend, and an affectionate husband and parent."

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES

THESE volumes, so full of interesting matter relative to Napoleon and his court, and their times, are on the eve of publication in this country, both in English and French. We are indebted to our industrious contemporary *The Athenæum*, for the foretaste of the following amongst other interesting passages, which we give without further comment:—

JUNOT'S FIRST STEP.

"It was at this period that one day, at the post of the battery of Sans-Culottes, a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, arrived a few days before from Paris, to direct the operation of the artillery at the siege, (of Toulon,) under the orders of the intelligent Cartaux, begged the officer on duty to point out to him a young non-commissioned officer, possessing both courage and intelligence. The lieutenant called *La Tempête*; and forthwith Junot appeared. The lieutenant-colonel fixed upon him that look which seemed already to know what men were. 'Take off thy coat,' said he, 'and carry this order there,' pointing out a spot at a distance from the coast, and explaining what he required of him. The young serjeant reddened, and his eyes sparkled: 'I am no spy,' said he; 'find out some one else to execute your order,' and he was retiring. 'You refuse to obey,' said the officer, in a severe tone: 'do you know to what you expose yourself?' 'I am ready to obey,' said Junot; 'but I will go where you send me with my uniform, or I will not go at all. It is honour enough for those cursed English.' The officer smiled, and looked attentively at him. 'But they will kill you,' said he. 'What is that to you?' retorted Junot: 'you do not know enough of me to be sorry for it; and as for me, it is indifferent. Come, I will go as I am, shall I not?' He then put his hand to his cartridge-box: 'Good! with my sword and these sugar-plums, the conversation will not flag, should those gentlemen be desirous of talking;' and he set off singing. After his departure, 'What is the name of that young man?' said the officer. 'Junot.' 'He will get on.' The officer wrote the name on his tablets.—This was already a judgment of great weight; for the reader must have guessed that this officer was Napoleon.

"A few days after, being at this same battery, Buonaparte asked for some one who wrote a good hand. Junot stepped

forward. Buonaparte recognized him as the serjeant who had already fixed his attention. After expressing the interest he took in him, he was ordered to place himself in readiness to write what should be dictated to him. Junot placed himself upon the epaulement of the battery: he had scarcely finished his letter when a bomb, thrown by the English, burst within ten paces of him, and covered him and the letter with earth. 'Good,' said Junot, laughing, 'we had no sand to dry the ink.' Buonaparte fixed his eyes upon the young serjeant, who was calm, and had not even started. This circumstance decided his fortune."

MURAT.

"The true cause of Napoleon's want of friendship for Murat (for, notwithstanding their alliance, he never liked him,) is the imprudent conduct of the latter when he came to Paris to present the first colours of the army of Italy, and after his return to head-quarters. They who know the character of Napoleon, as I do, will easily comprehend that Murat did himself a great injury in the opinion of his general by boasting, in an under-tone, of his influence with the Directory and at the War-Office—influence obtained, as he said, through Madame Buonaparte and Madame Tallien. The following is an anecdote which took place soon after his return to the general's head-quarters, and of which the latter was informed *on the same day it occurred*.

"Murat had invited several officers to breakfast, and amongst them Lavallette and others belonging to the general staff; but the greater number of guests were cavalry officers of the army, with whom Murat would fraternize, I know not why, in preference to his comrades of the general staff, all of them good and amiable men. Perhaps he had already that boasting mania with which we have since known him to be afflicted, and found a greater degree of complaisant attention in auditors of inferior rank. The breakfast was exceedingly gay: a great quantity of champaign had been drunk, and no supplement was required; but Murat proposed punch, and stated that he would himself make it.—'You never drank better,' said he to his guests. 'I learned to make it of a charming Creole; and, could I state all the particulars of my education, you would find it still better.' Then, ringing for his valet-de-chambre, ordered him to bring not only what was requisite for common punch, but a number of additional things, such as tea, and oranges instead of lemons, &c.—'Above all, make no mistake,' said he, very loud, 'bring me that Jamaica rum which was given to me at Paris.' He then went to his *nécessaire*, and, taking out a beautiful lemon-squeezer of *vermeil*, proceeded in his work with a degree of method

which proved the excellence of his instructor. The punch was found good—so good, indeed, that the bowl was filled and emptied several times; and the secret was at length discovered *au fond de la jatte*. The wild young guests would fain know where and how such good things were taught; and Murat, who had not the full enjoyment of his reason, informed them that the handsomest and prettiest woman of Paris had taught him what they had seen, and other things besides.

"This was followed by laughter and childish joy, with a stronger call for the remainder of the story. It appears that Murat could not resist; and related things only fit to be heard at the breakfast-table of an officer of hussars. The most disagreeable part for him in what followed was, that, without mentioning any name, he pointed out the personages so distinctly, that commentaries were soon made, and inferences drawn. A breakfast, a dinner, and a supper were mentioned as having taken place, on the same day, at the Champs-Élysées; and the handsomest and prettiest woman of Paris—which description, however, was not so clear as to lead to a knowledge of the personage—was immediately provided with a name, and the whole story construed by these young men much more easily than they would have construed a verse of Virgil. More light became, therefore, unnecessary; but one of the guests, lounging about the table upon which Murat had made the punch, took up the *vermeil* lemon-squeezer to examine it, and, turning it round in his hand, perceived upon the handle initials which were not those of Murat. 'Ah!' said the young man, 'here is something that will lead us to a perfect knowledge.' Upon which Murat, who had still reason enough left to know he was going too far, endeavoured to take it from him. 'Here is something to learn to read and make punch at the same time,' and he looked at the handle of the utensil, saying, '*Ba, be, bi, bo—Bo, Bon—Bona.*' At length, Murat silenced him; and most of the guests forgot the whole as soon as they went away. But this was not the case with two or three, who, without considering they committed any indiscretion, as nothing had been confided to them, began to talk of the punch story. * * * All the details of this drunken scene soon came to the ears of the general-in-chief, whose jealous disposition was aroused by it; and he was on the point of calling personally upon Murat for an explanation, which, under all circumstances, would have been useless; but a moment's reflection showed him the impropriety of such a step. He did not, however, abandon his intention of discovering the truth. Did he succeed? I know not; but the fact is, Murat got rid of the *vermeil* lemon-squeezer, and afterwards said that

the young man who thought he saw a B upon the handle, was so little able to distinguish, that he mistook an M. for a B; and that the letter J was intended for his (Murat's) christian name*. He regretted, moreover, his pretty lemon-squeezer, which the young *étourdis* had, as he stated, probably thrown out of window, as it could never afterwards be found."

FOUCHÉ.

"In the month of September, 1800, Fouché was told several times that a young female, badly dressed but very pretty, desired to see him, and would not, to obtain audience, refer to any name known, nor declare who or what she was. Fouché, at that time too much occupied with important matters to turn his attention to a circumstance which held out only a promise of gallantry, took no notice of it. However, the young girl laid siege to his door, notwithstanding the gibes of the valets, always so ready to insult the unfortunate. At length the first valet-de-chambre took pity on her, and approaching her one day, said, 'Why do you not write to the citizen minister? you would perhaps obtain an audience; for that is what you want, is it not?' The young girl answered in the affirmative, but added with timidity, that her name not being known to the minister, the latter would refuse to see her. And on saying this, she wept. The valet-de-chambre looked and then thought. Did he think well? I know not; but this I know, he suddenly formed a resolution. He looked at his watch, saw that it was scarcely eleven o'clock, and that his master had therefore not done breakfast. 'Wait for me a few moments,' said he; then looking at her more attentively, 'Do you live far from hence?' inquired he. 'Oh yes, very far indeed!' 'The devil!' said the valet-de-chambre, as he looked at the old and tattered black gown worn by the poor girl; 'it is impossible to introduce her in this trim.' As he thus spoke to himself he lifted up his eyes to look at the bonnet of the young petitioner, and they encountered the most ravishing countenance. 'Bah!' said he, 'I am a great fool to be uneasy about her dress. Wait for me child.'

Through this good fellow's agency the poor girl gains admittance:—

"On perceiving her, Fouché made an involuntary movement of surprise at the sight of her tattered garments, contrasted with the elegance of her deportment under such rags. With a look, he dismissed the servant. 'What do you require of me, my dear child?' said he. She threw herself on her knees before him, and joining her hands, 'I come,' said she, sobbing, 'to beg a father's life.' Fouché, at the demand of a man's life, drew back from the

girl, as he would from a serpent. He had been taken by surprise! 'And who is your father? what is his name?'—'Ah! you will kill him,' said she, in a voice which trembled with terror at seeing Fouché's pale complexion assume a still more livid hue, and his white lips contract—'you will kill him!'—'Peace, fool! rise, and tell me your father's name, and how it is he is at Paris if he be in fear of his life.' The young girl then related her history. Her father, the Marquis of Rosières, after having been taken several times in La Vendée, had at length been captured, bearing arms. He had escaped through a miracle of Providence; but always pursued, and almost tracked, he had reached Paris as the best place of concealment. His daughter was to have joined him, with her mother and a younger sister only twelve years old. 'But,' added she, 'I lost my mother and sister and arrived here alone.'—'Did they then die so suddenly?' inquired Fouché.—'They were killed by the blues,' replied the young girl in a low tone, and looking upon the ground; for she feared lest Fouché should consider it a crime in her to denounce that of the republican soldiers. 'Where do you live?' said the minister, after a moment's silence. Mademoiselle de Rosières seemed to hesitate. 'Well,' said Fouché, stamping on the ground, 'will you inform me where you live? If you do not tell me with a good grace, in two hours or less my men shall find you out.' Incapable of resisting such an attack, Mademoiselle de Rosières again fell upon her knees and held out her hands towards him. 'Come, hold your tongue; let us have no acting, for I do not like it. Only tell me what your father intends to do. If I obtain his pardon, may I depend upon him?' At this question the young girl's countenance became so expressive, that there was no mistaking her meaning. 'You are a silly child,' said he, with a strong accent of discontent; 'in asking if I can depend upon your father, it is in the name of the First Consul! Do not suppose that I asked you if he would become a police spy.' Having written the address of Mademoiselle de Rosières upon a card, he asked her why she had applied to him in preference to the First Consul. 'My father ordered me to do so,' replied she; 'he told me that you would recollect him.' The minister seemed immediately struck with a recollection which had before escaped him. However, he was still in doubt. 'Tell your father to write this very day, and inform me whether he was not the king's lieutenant prior to the revolution.' The answer of Monsieur de Rosières was in the affirmative. He had been the king's lieutenant in Brittany and in Burgundy, or rather in Franche-Comté; and during this period he had been so fortunate

as to be of service to the young Abbé Fouché. There were walls escaladed, doors of a seminary broken open; in short, there were grievous offences which the king's lieutenant, like the good Samaritan, covered with the cloak of charity. I know not how far Fouché had been obliged; but the very day after his daughter had seen the minister, Monsieur de Rosières had first a safe-conduct, and shortly afterwards his full pardon, with a good appointment of town-major in Alsace. His daughter settled there with him in 1801; she afterwards married, and now inhabits the chateau of Reisberg, near Colmar."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

"One day, as the first consul went down to review the troops in the court of the Tuileries, an event occurred of so singular a nature as to draw attention and excite interest. Amongst the crowd assembled there was a lad of fifteen, dressed in an old black coat very much worn, but clean, and indicating that its wearer did not belong to the lower classes of society. His countenance was interesting; pale, trembling violently, as his neighbours observed, and putting his hand frequently into his bosom, he seemed impatiently to await the arrival of the first consul. When the drums gave the signal, the emotion of the lad became so strong, that his chest was seen to rise from the beating of his heart. The first consul came down, and, when he was about the middle of the vestibule, the youth precipitated himself towards him, and offered him a paper.—There were so many plots at this period—so many attempts upon the life of the first consul, that twenty persons not belonging to his retinue immediately seized the boy, who, with his hand raised, and casting a supplicating look at the first consul, still continued to offer his petition. 'Let the young man go,' said Napoleon, 'I will speak to him;' and, advancing towards him, said, 'Who are you, my child?'—The youth could not answer; but, falling upon his knees, presented his petition. The first consul read it with an expression of countenance which struck all who were near him; he then fixed his eyes upon the lad, who was still kneeling, and said, with an expression of the deepest sympathy, 'Rise, my good boy; you must kneel only to God. Is your mother still at Paris?' An almost inarticulate *yes* was the reply. 'Tell her that she has a pension of twelve hundred francs, and six months of arrears shall be paid to her.' On hearing these words, the poor boy fell again upon his knees; he raised at the same time his eyes full of tears and his hands towards the first consul, whose hands he endeavoured to take, but the emotion was too strong. On learning the favour conferred upon his mother, his paleness, which was before

* "Joachim."

extreme, had redoubled: he soon became purple; the veins of his forehead swelled as if they were going to burst; his eyes closed, and he fell senseless at the feet of the first consul; but nature assisting herself, an abundant hemorrhage ensued, and Napoleon was covered with the poor boy's blood. 'A surgeon,' cried he, 'a surgeon.' But it is said that joy is never fatal, and yet I have seen the reverse. Be that as it may, the youth came to his senses, and bursting into tears, forcibly seized the hand of the first consul, and kissed it with transport. 'You are a God for my family,' said he, 'I will pray every day for you.' The first consul smiled, and pressing the boy's hand continued to advance towards his horse, but, before he mounted, recommended the youth to Junot and to the war minister; then giving him a friendly nod, said, 'If you will enter the service, apply to the commandant of Paris, he will speak to the war minister, and we shall see what can be done for you.' 'Yes, I will serve!' cried the youth, 'I also will be a soldier, that one ray of glory may fall upon my brows.' This young man was the son of Monsieur Delauney, the governor of the Bastille, who was massacred on the 14th of July, 1789!"

LORD BURLEIGH.

Memoirs of Lord Burleigh. By the Rev. E. Nares, D.D. 3 vols. 4to. Colburn & Bentley.

THIS is a most extensive and elaborate work, and, both on account of the lasting importance of its subject matter, and the style of industry and research in which it has been treated, must undoubtedly become a standard book in every historical library. The third and concluding volume, which is just published, brings the history of this great statesman, and of Elizabeth's reign, as connected with him, down from the year 1572 to his death in 1598; and there never, perhaps, was a period in the whole course of our annals as a nation more crowded with eventful features, and more worthy of the attentive consideration of the philosophical historian, than that comprised within those dates. Such occurrences, however, should be investigated as they follow in connection with one another; for isolated and disjointed, they lose half their interest. In our present notice, therefore, we shall extract only from passages relating to the individual character and history of the great Burleigh; a theme both of wonderment and pleasure, and abundant in wholesome precept and example.

Of his precepts the following should be treasured up in every honest man's memory:—

AXIOMS.

He used to say:—

"That he built more upon an honest man's word than a bad man's bond.

"That no man can be counted happy in this world who is not wise; and he that is wise seeth most of his own unhappiness.

"That that nation was happy, where the king would take counsel, and follow it.

"That the strength of a king is the love of his subjects.

"That princes ought to be better than other men, because they command and rule all others.

"That he can never be a good statesman, who respecteth not the public more than his own private advantage.

"That honour is the reward of virtue, but is gotten with labour, and held with danger.

"That counsel, without resolution and execution, is but wind.

"That division in counsel is dangerous, if not subversive of the state.

"That attempts are most probable, being wisely plotted, secretly carried, and speedily executed.

"That unity is the strength, and division the ruin, of any body politic.

"That the taking or the losing of an opportunity is the gaining or losing of great fortunes.

"That war is a curse, and peace a blessing of God upon a nation.

"That a realm gaineth more by one year's peace than ten years' war.

"That a realm cannot be rich that hath not an intercourse of trade and merchandize with other nations.

"That no man can get riches of himself, but by means of others.

"That riches are God's blessing to such as use them well, and his curse to such as do not.

"That all things in this world are valuable but in estimation: for a little to him that thinketh it enough is great riches.

"That private gain is the perverting of justice, and the pestilence of a commonwealth."

To these add a few more:

OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly; reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank Death for it, not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering up of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession

can hardly be an honest man, or a good Christian; besides it is a science no longer in request than in use; for soldiers, in peace, are like chimnies in summer."

But "sayings" without "doings" are not enough;—in Burleigh we have both to an eminent extent. What a noble and commanding picture is the following summary of his public and private life:—

"As he was long in great offices, and was a person of much economy, yet he thought it both decent and honourable to keep up the dignity of his station in his manner of living. He had, during Queen Elizabeth's reign, four places of residence—his lodgings at court, his house in the Strand, his family seat at Burghley, and his own favourite seat at Theobalds. At his house in London he had fourscore persons in family, exclusive of those who attended him at court. His expenses there were thirty pounds a-week in his absence, and between forty and fifty when present. At Theobalds he had about thirty persons in family; and besides a constant allowance in charity, he directed ten pounds a-week in keeping the poor at work in his gardens, &c. The expense of his tables were a thousand marks a-year, &c. About his person he had people of distinction, insomuch that he could reckon up twenty gentlemen retainers, who had each a thousand pounds a-year, and as many among his ordinary servants, who were worth from one thousand to three, five, ten, and twenty thousand. Twelve times he entertained the queen at his house for several weeks together, at the expense of two or three thousand pounds each time. Yet with all this mighty expense, it was the opinion of competent judges, that an avaricious man would have made more of his office in seven years, than he did in forty. With respect to his children, he was accounted the best of fathers, for he had them and their descendants constantly at his table; and this he made the great pleasure of his life: his mother also being alive, and able to see the fifth descent from herself; there being no degree of relation or consanguinity that at festival times was not to be found at his table. It was there that, laying aside all thoughts of business, he seemed never to have thought of any; and yet this was the only part of his life which was entirely free therefrom. In respect to his friends, he was always easy, cheerful and kind; and whatever their condition was, he talked to them as if they had been his equals in every respect; yet it is said that he was reckoned a better enemy than friend; and that this was so well known, that some opposed him from a view of interest. It is certain, that those who were most intimate with him had no sort of influence over him, and did not care to ask for any thing, because he did not readily grant, and was little pleased

with such sort of suit. One reason of this was, that most of those whom he preferred became his enemies, because he would not gratify them in further pretensions. His secrets he trusted to none; indulged in general conversation, and would not suffer affairs of state to be canvassed in mixed company, or when friends were met to divert themselves. With respect to his enemies, he never said any thing harsh of them; furthered on every occasion their reasonable request, and was so far from seeking, that he plainly neglected every opportunity of revenge; always professing that he never went to bed out of charity with any man; and frequently saying, that patience and calm bearing of aspersion and injuries had wrought him more good than his own abilities. . . . At Theobalds, he had five gardens, which cost him a great deal of money, and were laid out according to his directions. He had a little mule upon which he rode up and down the walks; sometimes he would look on those who were shooting with arrows, or playing bowls, but, as for himself, he never took any diversion, taking that word in its usual sense. He had two or three friends who were constantly at his table, because he liked their company; but in all his life he never had any favourite, or suffered any body to set an ascendant over him. His equipage, his great housekeeping, his numerous dependents, were the effect of his sense, and not at all of his passions; for he delighted little in any of them, and whenever he had any time to spare, he fled, as his expression was, to Theobalds, and buried himself in privacy."

MR. BANIM'S POETRY.

Chaunt of Cholera; Songs for Ireland. By the Authors of "The O'Hara Tales," "The Smuggler," &c. Cochrane and Co.

MR. BANIM'S muse is indeed a wayward fickle wench, and his poetry is as extravagant as his prose. What does he now offer to the edification of the fair fingers of the feminine-reading public? Under what new form of beauty will his poetic genius woo the gentle hearts of fashionable elegantes? Here it is, a malicious monster of contagion, with glaring eyes and venomous breath, and griping hand!

"The Chaunt of Cholera" is a wild and fearful production, full of deep thought, and containing many passages of powerful truth. It is supposed to be an admonitory address from the Cholera, in the person of a monster of evil, who reproves the people of the earth for their wickedness and folly, and ridicules their boasted power. The opening stanzas, addressed to the Russian despot, may be taken as a pretty fair specimen of the whole:—

"From my proper clime and subjects,
In my hot and swarthy east,
North and westward I am coming
For a conquest and a feast—
And I come not until challenged,
Through your chilly lands to roam!—
As a bride ye march'd to woo me,
And in triumph led me home!

"Your mighty one of Russia,
He wanted slaves the more,
And in my east he sought them,
From his frozen Baltic shore—
He sought them! and he found them!—
And whom found with them too!
Ho, ho! my brother tyrant,
Am I less a czar than you?

"He deems me an avenger!
That in rage I sally forth,
Blow for blow to give him
In his distant howling north!
That for Persia first I smote him!
That for Poland now I smite!
That—hurra!—I kill for Freedom,
When Freedom wars with Might!

"He is in his lazaretto,
With the triple guards around,
While his serfs, in tens of thousands,
Do blacken on the ground;
And he hopeth to escape me—
Yet he is quaking still,
For he knows no watch can bar me,
When I would work my will!

"He knows that I can pass them,
As they whisper there of me,
And at midnight deep be with him
In his chamber, lonely—
And, o'er his slumbers bending
My dark and spasmy face,
Breathe out the breath which maketh
A pest-house of the place—

"And with my spume-lips kiss him—
And with my shaking hand
Press down his heart, and press it,
'Till its throb is at a stand—
Low laughing, while an horror
His despot eye-ball dims—
My knarled arms twined round him,
And my cramp'd and knotty limbs!"

After all we cannot think this publication well judged at the present moment. There are plenty of weak-minded people frightening themselves to death already about this disorder, and the perusal of such a piece of writing as the above is by no means calculated to compose their fears.

The "Songs for Ireland," which form the greater part of this volume, have less to object to, on the score of policy; they are written *à la Moore*, in a bold style; and some of them being the production of two or three years ago, are rather violent in their language on political matters. They are of uneven merit, many very good, others not so much to our taste; we select two which please us most:—

"THE IRISH SOLDIER.

Air—"Shule, shule, shule, aroon."

"The Irish soldier, cast for fight,
Stood to his arms at dead of night,
Watching the east, until its ray
To the battle-field should show his way;—
Soldier, soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight though they call you slave,
And though you but help a bandid hand
Uncheck'd to kill in your native land.

"The soldier thought on his chance of doom—
How the trampled sod might be his tomb—
How, in evening's dusk, his sightless stare
To the small pale stars might upward glare;
Soldier, soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight though you think of the
grave—
Though it yawn so near you, black and
chill,
Honour and courage man you still.

"And o'er his solemn brow he made
The Christian sign, and humbly said—
'Your prayers, good saints, if I should fall;
And for mercy, O Lord, on you I call!'—
Irish soldier, soldier brave,
You will fight, although you crave
The prayers of the saints your own to aid,
And the sign of the cross on your brow
have made.

"The morning broke—the bugle blew—
The voice of command the soldier knew,
And stern and straight in the van he stood,
And shouting, he rush'd to the work of
blood?—
Irish soldier, soldier bold,
Thousands lay round you, crimson'd and
cold—
But over their bodies you still fought on,
Till down you sank as the day was won.

"And the Irish soldier now hath come,
Worn and wounded and crippled, home,
The hated and slander'd and scorn'd of those
Who safely slept while he faced their foes:—
Irish soldier, soldier bold,
In your native land you now are told,
'Twas traitor-blood on that field you lost,
For you call'd on the saints, and your
brow you cross'd!"

"THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS PRIEST.

Air—"Aileen aroon;"

Or, "Erin! the tear."

"Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon *,
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon!

"Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?"

* "Priest, dear."

"Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,—
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to to you!
Soggarth aroon!

"Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the could blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin dour,
And, on my earthen flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

"Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

"Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

"Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!—
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon?"

THE ANNUALS

FOR 1832.

(Extracts—Continued.)

"THE TEAR.

(From *The Forget-Me-Not*.)

"I was led in a dream to the gate of the Upper Heaven. And I saw many sights on which I must be silent; and I heard many sweet sounds, like the voices of angels hymning to their lyres. And the Seraph Uriel was with me, for he is the Regent of the Sun, and the conductor of errant sojourners through the paths of infinity. And the light of Heaven dazzled mine eyes long before I reached its glorious portal: and I must have sunk beneath its insufferable splendour, had not the angel shaded me with his ambrosial wings, and touched mine eyes with balm of amaranth, which grows only in Heaven. And when he touched them with this balm I felt them strengthened, and I could gaze undazzled on any part of the bright kingdom save one: and I asked Uriel the cause of this surpassing light, and he said it was the light of the sanctuary. And, lo!

at the gate of Heaven stood a pedestal of jasper, and on this pedestal a vessel of pure sapphire encircled with gold, and within this vessel lay a tear, which evaporated not in the light of Heaven, but remained the same for ever. And I said unto the angel, 'Whence cometh this tear?' And he answered, 'From the eye of an earth-born maiden, named Leila. If thou wouldst know more of this tear, speak to it—it will answer thee.' Then I marvelled, saying, 'Can a tear answer?' 'Yea,' responded Uriel, 'this tear is not as other tears; it hath a spirit within it and a voice, for the sake of the maiden Leila, by whom it was shed.' Then, methinks, I spoke to the tear, and a voice arose from its bed of sapphire in reply.

"BARD.

"Chrystal gem of mortal birth,
Fairer than the gems of earth,
Was it Grief that bade thee mount
Upwards from thy choral fount?
Was it Care, with dewy sigh,
Moulded thee on Leila's eye?

"TEAR.

"Minstrel, nay, it was not Care,
With his breath, that framed me there;
Neither did I quit my fount,
From its chrystal floor to mount,
(Like the dew on autumn's leaf)
By the sceptred spell of Grief.

"BARD.

"Jewel of a maiden fair!
Was it Mirth that brought thee there?
Was it touch of Laughter's spell
That o'erflowed thine azure well?

"TEAR.

"Neither Mirth invoked me here,
(Yet thou seest I am a tear)
Nor Despair's terrific dart
Bade me from my fountain start.
Tear like me had never birth
Or by Sorrow or by Mirth.
Whilom was my fountain dry,
Laughter beamed in Leila's eye,
Round her bosom Joy was flung,
Mirth was floating on her tongue,
And her step was gay and light,
And her eye was pure and bright,
And her soul, with rapture fraught,
Harboured no desponding thought:
But a vision of distress
Came athwart her loveliness,
Like a thunder-cloud in June,
Or a mist before the moon.
Straight the voice of Pity fell,
O'er her spirit as a spell,
And her eye distilled a tear,
Lovelier than Grief may wear:
Unto me the power was given
Leila's cause to plead in heaven,
For I have been shed upon
Others' sorrows—not her own.

"And I inclined my head, while the tear was yet speaking; and the voice seemed to come from the drop within the vessel of sapphire—and I knew the tear to be a spirit. And I said unto Uriel, 'Do all tears find their way to Heaven?' But

he answered, 'Nay—none but those of Compassion. All other tears perish as a drop of water when they are shed, but those of Pity come hither; and, after sojourning for a season at the gate of Heaven, lo! some of them are changed into jewels and hang upon the crowns of the archangels; others are mingled with the fountain of Benevolence: and they all plead with seraph-tongues for those that shed them.'

"And I knew from this response of the Angel that there were no tears like those of Compassion."

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(From *The Literary Souvenir*.)

"The Tower!"—How many pleasing and melancholy incidents are associated with the history of this once formidable and still imposing fortress! Here are to be seen the supposed spoils of that grand "armada," which received the benediction of the pope, and was by him presumptuously pronounced "invincible;" and, in the same room, and mingling, as it were, with those proud military trophies, is shown the axe which, we are gravely told, terminated the unmerited sufferings of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn; although we are informed by Stowe that a sword, and not an axe, was used on that occasion.—The spot is exhibited in the inner court where her execution took place; and the heartless monster who murdered her, as if to prevent another Englishman from being stained with her blood, hired the Calais hangman to act the part of her assassin! In the catalogue of our monarchs, there is not one steeped deeper in sanguinary guilt than Henry VIII. He presented that amiable and fascinating princess with "the great house of Newhall," near Chelmsford, now a convent for nuns of the order of the Holy Sepulchre; and from that house, whilst Anne Boleyn was confined in the Tower, he communicated the order for her decapitation, by signal-guns placed along the line of road to London.

In an architectural point of view there is little to be seen in the Tower worthy of particular notice. The most ancient part is unquestionably the White Tower—the great building occupying the centre of the fortress. This was "the Tower," properly so called, the other portions being of a much later date; and there is no doubt, from the Anglo-Norman style of the interior, and more especially of the chapel, that it forms part of the original building erected by William I., whom some of our historians delight to call *The Conqueror*, but who never distinguished himself by that title. The Martin Tower and the By-Ward Tower, which are the two principal entrances from Tower Hill, are probably of the date of the fourteenth century; the latter flanked by two round towers in the Saracenic style, said to have been intro-

duced into this country by the crusaders. The Bloody Tower was built about the same period: it forms the principal entrance to the great or inner court; and, in the upper apartment, says history as well as tradition, the two young princes were smothered by order of their inhuman uncle, Richard III. The tragic story, however, is somewhat questionable, as is also the episode as to the discovery of their remains under the staircase of the Tower; for it is quite certain that the bones, said to be theirs, were found at a considerable depth beneath the stairs of the chapel in the White Tower.

No one should leave London without visiting the Tower; the *Horse Armoury* is one of its most attractive features, and has within the last four or five years been arranged and classified by Dr. Meyrick, whose antiquarian researches well qualified him for the task. Previously, the whole was a series of blunders and anachronisms; the mailed coat of the seventeenth century, the helm, gauntlet, and sword, being transferred to an era some hundreds of years nearer to the Norman line of our kings;—these have now fallen into their proper places, and Henry VIII. is no longer taken for Richard I., Charles I. for Dudley Earl of Leicester, or Sir Henry Lee for William the Conqueror. There were many other delusive absurdities propagated by the warders who show the Armoury, and none more glaring than their recapitulation of the armada trophies, very few, if any, of them ever having belonged to that *invincible* effort of disappointed Spanish pride.

The large building on the north side of the inner court, which is called the *Small Armoury*, is one of the finest rooms in Europe, and contains nearly two hundred thousand stand of arms, fit for immediate service. It was the magnificent display of the "munitions of war" in the Tower and at Woolwich that excited the admiration of the late Emperor of Russia and the allied sovereigns, during their visit to this country in 1815; the former expressing his surprise that there should remain such apparently exhaustless resources in England, after having supplied nearly all Europe during a war of unexampled duration, and adding, that it must be "worse than folly to think of subjugating such a country."

The notions which our ancestors had of a royal palace differed very materially from those we now entertain. The dark and gloomy turrets which here present themselves seem but ill adapted for scenes of royal hospitality and courtly carousal;

* "This anecdote has been communicated to us by the writer of the above notes, a gentleman who attended the sovereigns in their progress."

yet within these walls "solemn feasts" have been given; and from the frowning portals of the "Bloody Tower," and the grinning portcullis of the "By-Ward Gate," have sallied forth gallant and splendid trains of England's nobles and high-crested chivalry, and, proceeding along the narrow and contracted streets of ancient London, astonished its inhabitants of that day in their progress to Westminster, with all the state and grandeur of a coronation cavalcade. But those days are gone by; nor is it very likely that the Tower of London will again be selected by any of our future monarchs as a "fit and proper place" for matrimonial festivities".

A CONFESSION.

BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

(From the same.)

"He passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was only awakened to more active exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted."—*Rasselas*.

I.

YES, the day is almost over,
And my task is still undone,
Like the butterfly, gay rover,
Ever sporting in the sun,—
So I flit from book to book,
As she flies from flower to flower;
On a bust or picture look,
Till I find I've lost an hour;
Then I sigh and lose another,
Mourning its departed brother.

II.

Then I praise the pleasant weather;
Then I think how sweet 'twould be,
Thou and I to roam together,
By the ever-sounding sea!
Then I muse on days departed,
Days in careless wandering spent,—
Far less blest, if lighter hearted,
Far more gay, if less content;
Then I start, and think I'm wasting
Time, whilst memory's pleasures tasting.

III.

Then I dream of shady bowers,
With soft smiles of sun between;
Then I picture wilding flowers,
Woven thick 'mid mosses green;
Then I bless the sons of song,
Followers of an idle trade,
Wizards, unto whom belong
Rock and glen, and grassy glade;
All, but chiefly thee I bless,
Gentle Bard of Idleness!

IV.

Then I marvel if earth's sages,
Shining lights of elder Time,
Heroes of historic pages,
Builders of the lofty rhyme,—
Always found their duty, pleasure,
They to whom the heart doth bow,
Did they trifle but at leisure,
Did they feel—as I do now?
Wishing I might aught pursue,
Save the thing I'm vowed to do.

V.

Yes, the day is almost over,
And my task is still undone;
Time, 'tis true, will bring another,
With the next revolving sun;
I shall re-resolve to-morrow,
Shall again forget my vow;
Start once more with fruitless sorrow,
Regret—repent, as I do now.
I shall sigh, as well I may,
And mourn I've lost another day.

MAGAZINE DAY.

No. 2.

WE have been led shrewdly to guess that the general remarks upon the construction of magazines in our second number had been taken not very kindly by some who are parties in that description of property;—we are sorry that we should have given displeasure to any fellow-labourer in the field of literature, though we cannot either regret or retract the observations alluded to. It is always more grateful to our personal feelings to praise than to censure, and if we consulted our private wishes we should praise every thing and every body that came before us with any thing like good will or good intention in his appearance, leaving it to the world at large to find fault afterwards as it pleased. But it is evident that such a system, though very smooth and pleasant, could be of no possible utility, and would leave us and our readers exactly where we set off, paddling in shallow water, whilst all the rest of the world was at sea and miles a-head. Praise is a very agreeable thing, but like every thing that is agreeable, it is only so by contrast. Now, where all is praise, praise, praise, and nothing but praise, and praise again after that, there wants that contrast and variety which are the very seasoning of sweets; and, the pampered gormandizer, bloated and palateless, grown lusty in his inactivity of mind and body, and, *puffed* up with extravagant humours and conceits, lies gasping in an artificial sunshine, impatient of the smallest denial or restraint.

How different would his case have been had his youthful days been watched by the fatherly eye, and tended by the parental hand of Criticism! Small corrective doses to keep the digestive organs in healthy state, gentle tonics and other stimulating drugs to sharpen the appetite and improve the taste, and, when the patient exhibited symptoms of sluggishness or other glaring improprieties, the unsparing administration of the rod (unaggravated by insult, and unembittered by the barbed sting of malice,) as an incentive to renewed exertion and activity; all these, with many more kind offices combined, would have reared our literary bantling to a hale and hearty maturity, open to praise and not incapable of censure.

But critics, now-a-days, should call to

mind that they have no youthful constitution to deal with, and that with an old and shattered patient, gentle doses and small, delivered with a smiling face and an encouraging air, are the only means by which to coax him into healthy action. The austere grimace and rude hacking of a clumsy self-important charlatan, (such as that described by our friend Ross Cox, in his *Columbian Adventures**,) can do the patient no good, whilst the bystanders are utterly disgusted. "Gentle doses and small," then, be it, and so, enough for the present of this our disquisition upon criticism and critics, and return we to our friends, the magazines, for November. At the same time, however, we must repeat our former opinion, that magazines should be "journals of the age we live in, its books, politics, manners, and discoveries—faithful observers of men and things, honest critics, and careful condensers of every matter of temporary interest." We are aware that some of our magazine publishers take great pride in occupying their pages with brief compositions by men of first-rate talent, which they thus present to the public in a light and preservable form;—we are obliged to them for the pains they take in this, and are not unmindful of the very heavy expenses they are at in procuring this assistance from men of name and note, but we do say that that talent and those pages (or great part of them,) might be engaged by those very individuals upon topics concerning, or at least available, to the times we live in. We insist upon this the more urgently, as, upon looking through this month's publications we discover them to be not a whit less lively and talented than usual, and yet, in general, of considerably more *pro tempore* interest.

Blackwood contains a good deal of political matter this month about "Citizen Kings," the Colonies, Reform and Revolution, &c. together with one or two excellent articles of a lighter description. "The Dialogue between the Marquis of Anglesea and the Ghost of his Leg," is one of the most amusing jeux-d'esprit we have seen for a long time, and the poetry by the Ettrick Shepherd, &c. is of the usual quality. In the "Noctes" we have, as we expected, an out-and-out defence of Mr. Croker's Boswell against the late attack of *The Edinburgh*. It is gloriously abusive, and shall be attended to next week.

The New Monthly boasts a considerable acquisition in Mr. Lytton Bulwer, who has undertaken the editorial duties. The political articles are plentiful and ably written; and the rest of the number is ra-

ther lighter than usual. We must extract a passage from a clever article, entitled

THE ROOM IN WHICH CANNING DIED.

"In that room, so plain, so unadorned, so barren of all luxury, the most gifted and the most ambitious of adventurers breathes his last. It is a small, low chamber at Chiswick, in which Canning died. He chose it himself; it had formerly, we believe, been a sort of nursery; and the present Duke of Devonshire having accidentally slept there just before Canning took up his residence at the villa, it was considered more likely to be aired and free from damp than any other and costlier apartment. It has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house, as it were, like a back yard. Nothing can be more common than the paper of the walls or the furniture of the apartment. On one side of the fireplace are ranged a few books, chiefly of a light character—such as the 'Novelists' Magazine,' 'Rousseau,' (the 'Heloise,' we think,) 'Camilla,' &c. Opposite the foot of the bed is the fire-place, and on the low chimney-piece stands a small bronze clock. How often to that clock must have turned the eyes of that restless and ardent being, during his short and painful progress through disease to death!—with how bitter a monotony must its ticking sound have fallen on his ear! Nothing on earth is so wearing to the fretful nerve of sickness as that low, regular, perpetual voice in which Time speaks its warnings. He was just a week ill. On Wednesday a party of diplomatists dined with the prime minister; on the Wednesday following—

" 'Pass'd away

The haughty spirit from that humble clay!"

"For the last three days, he was somewhat relieved from the excruciating pain he had before suffered. Not that it is true, as was said in the newspapers at the time, that his cries could be heard at some considerable distance from the house;—during one day, however, they were heard by the servants below. He was frequently insensible; and, during that time, the words 'Spain,'—'Portugal,' were constantly on his lips. During those six days of agony and trial his wife was with him, and, we believe, neither took rest in bed, nor undressed, throughout the whole time. Her distress and despair, when all was over, was equal to her devotion during the struggle. It is said that the physicians declared it necessary for her life, or reason, that she should obtain the relief of tears; for she had not wept once, either before or after his death; and this relief came to her when she saw her son. At eleven o'clock at night, she left that house of mourning and went to the Duke of Portland's, in Cavendish Square. I never pass

that dull and melancholy building, known as Harcourt House, with its dead wall and gloomy court-yard, without figuring to myself the scene of that night, when the heavy gates opened to receive the widow of one whom Genius had so gifted and Ambition had so betrayed.

"For some time before he died, Canning's countenance had betrayed the signs of the toil and exhaustion he had undergone. But after death these had vanished, and that beautiful and eloquent countenance seemed in the coffin unutterably serene and hushed. That house is memorable for the death of two statesmen. Below, in a little dark chamber, covered with tapestry, Charles Fox breathed his last!—the greatest pupil of his great rival, after tacitly veering towards the main foundations of the same principles Fox had professed, came to the same to receive the last lesson Ambition can bestow—

" 'Mors sola fatetur,

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula!"

"It was impossible to stand in that quiet and even humble room, and not glance back to the contrasts which the life that there had become extinct afforded to retrospection. In April, 1827, it was announced to a Parliament, crowded beyond precedent, that George Canning had accepted the office of First Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury—*id est*, the office of Prime Minister. The announcement was received with bursts of the loudest, the most prolonged cheers—cheers that made themselves scarce less audible along the neighbouring streets than within the house. What followed?—Resignations the next day from his oldest and staunchest adherents—the retirement of a host from his side—the breaking-up of the party of a life's forming—the suspicion, the rage of friends whom he might never regain—the strange alliance with foes, whom he could never hope to conciliate but by becoming the stepping-stone to their objects—objects which, if he continued to reject, he would have been lost for the future—if he accepted, he must have belied the whole tenour of the past. Then came persecution, attack, doubt, scorn—the wrath of the peers, (that fatal house, whose power has never of late been exerted, but in opposition to the popular spirit it once fostered,)—the schism of the Commons—"the current slander and the echoed lie!"—and all this fell on a frame already breaking, and in need of rest. In April, Canning was announced Prime Minister of England, amongst the loudest exultation of a triumphant and seemingly resistless party. In August, his corpse was carried to its grave!—and within three months from that time, his party, that of late seemed so strong, so permanent, was, to use the strong phrase justly applied to them, 'scattered to the winds!' Never

* See No. 5, p. 69.

did a man, possessing so vast a personal influence in life, bequeath so little influence in death."

The Metropolitan gives us one of J. Montgomery's well-written essays on "Modern English Literature;" a clever and satisfactory paper on "The Musical Drama in England," evidently by one of considerable experience in the history and arcana of the art; an interesting account of "Adam Mickiewicz," the Polish poet; and No. II. of "Scientific Letters to a Lady," which are written in the style of, and worthy as companions to, the celebrated "Introductory Treatise" of the "Library of Useful Knowledge." The "Simpkin Papers" are most entertaining satires upon the times. From the "Life of a Sailor, No. VI." we must extract a clever touch of sea life, as also some useful particulars from the article on

PRUSSIA AND HER MILITARY RESOURCES.

"A most deadly hatred exists, and has long existed, between the French and Prussian nations: the former affect to despise their German foes, and vauntingly assert that, single-handed, the conquest of Prussia would be for them but a mere *promenade militaire*. This tendency to underrate the power of Prussia, a disposition which has crept into even well-informed circles in this country, can only have arisen from ignorance of the immense military resources of the Prussian monarchy. Prussia has at this moment on the right bank of the Rhine 200,000 of the finest troops in the world, with a train of 250 pieces of artillery. At Dusseldorf and its neighbourhood there is, farther, an immense army of reserve, with a formidable train of artillery; while the chain of fortresses which extend from Cleves to the frontiers of Rhenish Bavaria are abundantly furnished with every munition of war, and have been rendered nearly impregnable. These troops are in the highest possible state of efficiency, kept ready to move at a moment's notice, panting for an appeal to arms, and confident of success.

"Instructed by her past misfortunes, and struck with the geographical configuration of her territory, which, 'like a ribbon,' floats over the surface of the European continent, from the frontiers of France to those of Russia, Prussia has felt that she exists but through her army. The anxious solicitude of the government has therefore been directed almost exclusively to this object; and the genius of Scharnhorst has produced one of the most perfect military systems the world ever saw. A brief outline of this famous system will enable the reader to form some idea of the military resources of the Prussian monarchy.

"The Prussian army is raised by conscription, and is of two kinds: first, the line; secondly, the landwehr, consisting of two bans. In the line, every male inhabitant of the country is obliged to serve five years, three of which they must be present with the regiment. After that period they are allowed to go home, and to serve the remaining two years in the landwehr; but in the event of a war breaking out during that time, they are liable to be again called back to their corps, and to be kept with it till the expiration of the five years; they are then finally dismissed from the line, and join the landwehr, of which there are two regiments attached to every regiment of the line. To the first ban they belong till the age of thirty-five, when they are removed to the second ban; and, leaving the latter again, at the age of forty-five, they join the garrison battalions, which are not obliged to march out of their circle, and on which devolve the milder duties of the defence of fortresses. Two regiments of the line, two of cavalry, and a battery, form a brigade. In war time, when the landwehr is added to the establishment, the whole form together a division of two or three brigades, according as the first class alone, or both classes, of the landwehr are called out. A division includes, consequently, two regiments of infantry of the line, two or four of landwehr, four or six regiments of cavalry, and two or three batteries. Every regiment consists of three battalions of four companies each: the two first are battalion companies; the others, fusileer or light companies;—the strength of each company is 200 rank and file. For the recruiting and organization of this force, the whole Prussian territory is divided into eight grand military divisions. Four regiments of infantry belong to each province, and must be constantly recruited by a conscription of their population. From this system it results that the whole population of the country must be essentially military; and it is the peculiar feature of Scharnhorst's system, that, in time of war, it renders every male inhabitant of the Prussian monarchy available to military purposes, without withdrawing them in time of peace from their ordinary occupations. The landwehr are called out twice during the year, for the space of one month, for exercise; the men having already served three years in the line, the landwehr presents an efficient force little inferior to the regular army.

"Nothing can be finer than the appearance of the Prussian troops under arms; they are all handsome young men, with an erect martial carriage; they perform with the utmost rapidity the most complex manœuvres, and are steady as walls.—Their uniform is martial, beautifully made, and unvaried throughout the army. The

over-nice attention of the king to the personal appearance of his troops has been much ridiculed; their swelling chests, padded arms, compressed waists, and flowing curls, giving them an appearance more suitable to the drawing-room than the camp. The officers are well instructed not only in the duties of their profession, but also in the general branches of literature and science. Previous to receiving their commissions, they undergo two very severe examinations. One of the peculiar features of this system is, that it develops the moral as well as the physical powers of the soldier. On joining his corps, every recruit is taught to read and write, and may study if he chooses, in the regimental school, the higher branches of his profession;—the corps of non-commissioned officers is by this means excellent."

A MIDSHIPMAN'S VICISSITUDES.

"I now beg leave to introduce myself to my readers no longer as a good-looking, curly-headed midshipman, 'pride in my looks, defiance in my eye,' strutting the quarter-deck with the proper step, and repeating the constant 'Ay, ay, sir!' as the officer of the watch gave his loud commands, but as a midshipman's boy, the servant of the mess, the drudge of all drudges. It became necessary that some one should do the work; and the lot first fell upon the captain's son, who, although a very nice boy, was not likely to come into our views when his father was within hail. We next pitched upon the captain's nephew, but he declared he had been told to mess in the cabin, which certainly we did not envy him, and quietly consigned him to his burgoon and his pride, whilst I was installed in all the honour of the situation. I am quite of Byron's opinion in *Don Juan*, that those who have been servants have the opportunity of becoming better masters, although true it is beyond contradiction that there is no tyrant like an emancipated slave.—I trust that the numerous kicks, and cuffs, and curses so frequently and so roughly bestowed upon me, have made me cautious, from the experience of my own feelings in those days, of bestowing them upon another. My first essay at cooking (for any body can make tea who can boil a kettle,) was a beef-steak pie; for, while we remained near the island, we were supplied with small quantities of fresh provisions. A jumble of pepper and salt junk made the dish palatable enough, of which I had the strongest evidence, as my masters did not leave one bit for their cook, and seemed disposed to rob me of a small portion of the skin of salt pork, with as many bristles thereon as are found in a scrubbing-brush, and which did not belong to them, for I stole it from the boatswain. In vain they asked for water—we had little enough of

that; for when the ship struck, almost one of the first things done, when the leak was discovered, was to 'start it.' What was left was used sparingly; and we had not many spare hands to be employed for the purpose of getting more. My next specimen as a cook was a splendid one, and happened when we had left the island: it was in the shape of a mouse-pie—the tails of the little animals were collected like pigeons' feet, and made a most inviting dish. I got preciously cuffed for this exhibition; but I verily believe that no man living, if hungry, would know a mouse from a sparrow-pie;—they are very delicate eating, and became a fashionable dish with us when curtailed. My occupations in the berth were no excuse for not keeping my watch; and I can safely aver that no dog which draws a baker's barrow had more to do and less to eat than I had. If the heat of the sun was uncomfortable in one respect, it was beneficial in another, inasmuch as it almost entirely deprived us of appetite, and we were on short allowance enough. In a week the squadron arrived, consisting of the Meteor, the Tiger, and a schooner; under their escort we weighed our anchor and put to sea, intending to shape a course for Sierra Leone. A detail of the sufferings of the crew of the launch, which had been sent for the squadron, would make a man's hair stand on end for a fortnight: they returned to us walking spectres—mere ghosts of living men—a resurrection of bones.

* * * * *

"I had been relieved from my dignified situation of midshipmen's boy, and was every inch an officer again; well did that convince me that no man knows the value of happiness who has not been in adversity, any more than a man can know the blessings of riches who has not felt the rude gripe of poverty and distress. At Sierra Leone you might have been as rich as the Duke of Devonshire, and yet as poor as a man in this country on £50 per annum: you could buy only the fruit which grew in the vicinity, and that a button would purchase as well as a dollar. The trade with this country was then dull to the greatest extent of dulness, and life was a mere vegetation without pleasure, and almost without hope. The constant traffic has now improved the town; but the climate!—only look at the number of governors who go out to be buried!

"That cruise was the worst venture I ever made. Being nearly starved one day, two other midshipmen and myself attacked the captain's steward, and plundered a piece of salt beef, for his wretched table hardly ever saw the blessing of fresh provisions. The steward knew right well what would happen to him should the captain call for his salt junk to relish the soup-plate of burgoon; and as we could

not refund, seeing that we made a hasty bolt of the prize, he very wisely, for his own skin, made a formal complaint. Instead of doing what other men would have done—compassionating the hunger which led gentlemen's sons (at any rate) to hazard such an attack, and desiring us to be fed, we were called on the quarter-deck after quarters. I was given over to the captain of the main-top, to do my duty before the mast as a common seaman; one of the others had the fore-top for the field of his ambition; and, as I was in the larboard-watch, the third was made one of the starboard-watch; the uniform gave way to a round jacket and tarry trousers. I was at once dispatched to my station; and, from that hour to our arrival at the Western Islands, I answered my call with the men, did my duty aloft, learned to knot and splice, hand, reef, and steer, sing a jolly song, and sleep in the royal or top-gallant studding-sail as quietly and as composedly as the most delicate lady in the softest of beds."

In reviewing some pamphlets on "Original Grants to the Stirling Family of the Canadas, Nova Scotia," &c., *The Metropolitan Magazine* gives the following curious historical particulars:—

"These pamphlets relate to the extraordinary claims of the present Earl of Stirling to extensive territories in North America, comprising almost the whole of the British dominions in that quarter of the globe, and the greater part of the United States.

"These claims, it appears, are founded on several charters granted by Kings James I. and Charles I. to Sir William Alexander, secretary of state for Scotland, afterwards the first Earl of Stirling; which charters were confirmed by an act of the parliament of Scotland, in June, 1633.

"Three of these charters with translations have likewise been published by Ridgway, to which are prefixed some prefatory observations by Mr. T. C. Banks, the well-known author of the "Extinct Baronetage of England." Two of the charters relate to Nova Scotia, and one to Canada: the powers conferred by each are nearly equally extensive, and of the most unusual description.

"The charters of James I. 1621, and of Novodamus of 1st Charles I. 1625, embrace Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Breton Island: the latter charter is particularly curious, and we add a brief outline of its most important provisions.

"After stating the causes of its being given, amongst which is "on account of the faithful and grateful services rendered and to be rendered by our well-beloved councillor Sir William Alexander, Knt., who at his own expense, the first of those of our

own country, undertook the conducting of this foreign colony." This charter sets out in very precise language the boundaries of the country intended to be granted, "which shall in all times coming enjoy the name of Nova Scotia in America."

"The grantee, his heirs and assigns, and their deputies, are appointed hereditary lieutenants-general, with power to establish such laws, statutes, constitutions, forms of government, &c. as to them should seem fit, "so as the said laws may be as agreeable as possible to the laws of this our kingdom of Scotland." Power is given of making and declaring war against invaders, and persons injuring the province, and of levying contributions for the supply of the necessary troops, and power of mint and coinage of any metal, fashion, and form. The province is erected into a free lordship and barony, which, for the purposes of taking Seism, is incorporated with Scotland. Powers of building cities, &c. of levying tolls and customs, and of building and endowing churches, founding universities, erecting dignitaries of the church, dividing the province into counties, &c. for the purposes of civil government; and of instituting "places of justice and judicature," are given, with power of creating dignities and appointing officers of state. The grantee and his heirs are made hereditary lieutenants-general, justices-general, high-admirals, lords of regality and admiralty, and high-stewards. Powers of granting parts or portions of the said lands and province to others are given, which grants the crown engages to confirm.

"Sir William Alexander is made premier baronet of Nova Scotia, with power to create similar baronetcies; but the number of the order is limited by the charter to 150. By the charter of 1621, which is confirmed by the one dated 1625, the very special privilege is given, that no appeal shall lie from the judgments given in any of the courts instituted by the grantee and his heirs.

"The charter of 1628-9 embraces the islands in the gulf of St. Lawrence, between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, including Anticosti, the islands in the river of St. Lawrence to its source, and fifty leagues of country on both sides of the river, and of the lakes through which it passes to its source. The whole of this extensive country is granted to Sir William Alexander and his heirs, and is, it is declared, to be held by him with the same powers and privileges as are contained in the charters of Nova Scotia.

"The present Earl of Stirling took an enfeoffment under these charters at the castle of Edinburgh, in July 1831, by virtue of a precept from the court of chancery of Scotland, founded on the returns into that court of the services of heirship, to the ori-

ginal grantee, gone through by his lordship.

"These claims are now, we understand, before the government; and we hear that the colonists are extremely anxious to know how they will be met, as all their titles are evidently in jeopardy."

EGYPTIAN NEWSPAPER.

SOME of the readers of *The Literary Guardian* may not be aware that a gazette has been published at Cairo for about three years, at a press established at Boulac, near that city, by Mehmet Ali, the present enlightened Viceroy of Egypt. The following short notice, therefore, for which we are indebted to a paper of M. Reinaud's, in the *Nouv. Journ. Asiatique*, for September, may not be uninteresting:—

"The Egyptian journal was commenced on the 12th of *Jemadi ul Awwal*, of the year 1244 of the Hegira, (November 20th, 1828,) and bears the title of *Wakayai Misrreet*, or 'Occurrences of Egypt;' there not being in oriental languages any term precisely corresponding to our word journal. At the head of the first page is represented a pyramid, with a palm-tree on the right, and half of the sun's disk on the left. The pyramid and the palm tree indicate Egypt, and the rising sun is emblematic of the civilization which is there making fresh progress every day. The paper is printed on a folio sheet, and the contents are both in Turkish and Arabic, so that it may be read by natives of the country who all speak the latter language, and also by the government functionaries, who are mostly Turks in their origin. Each version fills one column of the page. It seems as if the edition is first prepared in Turkish, and that the Arabic translation is made from it; at least, the former version is usually more full in its details. The paper appears two or three times a-week.

"This gazette being specially destined for the natives, it will be easily conceived that the greater part of its space is occupied with news of local interest; such as pieces of correspondence of the prefects and heads of provinces, decisions of provincial and the superior courts, a commercial price current, &c. With respect to foreign news, nothing is mentioned in the journal but of general interest, and this is merely glanced at. The mass of the Egyptian people is still a prey to the double scourge of ignorance and misery. It is, therefore, natural that the government should not seek to give birth to ideas which would create wants but not satisfy them.

"The articles relative to the operations of government and the various branches of administration are furnished by the Secretary of the Supreme Council, who is at the same time director of the journal. Thus this paper at once supplies the place of

'Gazette,' 'Parliamentary Reporter,' 'Price Current,' and 'Law Register.' The foreign news is likewise supplied by the government, which subscribes to French, Italian, and other journals, and has a committee of translators under its orders.

"Ever since its establishment, a singular oversight appears at the head of the front page. It has been the custom to indicate the state of the temperature at Cairo for each day in the week; but instead of the Arabic words *Meezan hur Misr*, which would signify 'measure of the heat at Cairo,' they have put *Meezan hawai Misr*, which means 'measure of the air at Cairo;' so that they have confounded the thermometer and barometer together."

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of rose-coloured *crêpe lisse*, over satin to correspond; the *corsage* is made low and square, and lightly embroidered round the bust. *Beret* sleeves, very short and full. A rose-coloured gauze ribbon is crossed, something in the shape of an X, on the bust, forms a heart behind, and is disposed on each shoulder in very full *nœuds de Pape*. A Grecian border, of bright green and carnation mingled, adorns the skirt just above the hem. The hair is combed back upon the forehead, and the hind hair dressed in platted bands, which are brought across the forehead on each side, and then turn back, and form a full knot on the summit of the head. The *coiffure* is composed of a mixture of ends of ribbon with golden ears of ripe corn, and a *ferronière* of dead gold placed high upon the forehead.

MORNING DRESS.—A dress of pale salmon-coloured *gros de Naples*, lightly figured in a new pattern. The *corsage* is made high, to sit close to the shape, and ornamented only with a fold of the same material, which, forming a *petit cœur* in front of the bust, goes plain round the back. The sleeves are à l'*Amadis*. The *canzou* is of white *tulle*, very richly embroidered; it is of the pelerine form behind, with ends which descend below the knee. It is very full trimmed round the bust, and finished with a ruff at the throat. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, the ribbon that trims it is rose-colour and white, with a slight intermixture of *brun hammeten*.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.—Cambric trowsers; a frock of sky-blue *gros de Naples*, short enough to display the trimming of the cambric petticoat. The apron is of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a brace *en cœur*; the brace and pockets are embroidered in damask roses; there is also one on each side of the skirt.—*World of Fashion*.

Fine Arts.

Mr. Wilkie's "*Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo*," engraved by Burnet.

THIS picture, though full of beauties, (and it would be difficult to name a work of Mr. Wilkie's which is not so,) is, we think, less effective, as a whole, than many of the artist's other performances, and the reason of its being so may perhaps be traced to the quantity and variety of the matter it contains. The painter, or the duke, his employer, probably thought that by such means he would confer due honour on a great national subject; but he ought to have well considered, in the first place, what story he had to tell, how far it was capable of being expressed by painting, and what were his means of rendering it intelligible. A painter cannot paint a speech, nor was it in the power of Mr. Wilkie to explain, by his figures, the particular contents of the *Gazette* which the old soldier is here reading aloud to the motley company assembled. But he might, we think, better have expressed its general tenour and importance by the appearance of more intense interest—a more anxious pressing forward to hear, and more vivid attention on the part of the audience; or by a simultaneous burst of exultation, which would at once have conveyed the idea, not merely that *good news* had been received from our armies, which the picture certainly does express, but that a MIGHTY VICTORY had been gained.

Had the figures been fewer in number and upon a larger scale, had there been less background and fewer accessories, much more, we think, would have been gained than lost. For the group in the middle-ground and distance on the right might all be dispensed with, and the anachronism of the woman opening oysters in the month of June would thus have been avoided. As it is, they weaken rather than enhance the interest of the scene.

Having thus ventured a few general remarks upon the composition of this print, we regret that we have but small space to do justice to the various individual beauties in which it abounds. Mr. Wilkie's well-known taste and feeling, and keen perception of nature, are conspicuously displayed in all the principal figures, and particularly so in the expression of the heads. The serjeant, seated in the foreground on the right, and exultingly tossing up his little child, is in itself an admirable figure; so is that of the aged veteran of Gibraltar, who, whilst listening to the vociferous address of his younger companion, seems still to muse upon the triumphs of his early days; (for we cannot agree with those who would degrade this old soldier by supposing him either in a state of idiocy or inebriety.) The

figure of the young woman, who, with breathless anxiety for the fate of her husband's regiment*, darts her eye to the lower part of the *Gazette*, whilst the old soldier is still at the beginning, is a master-piece of individual expression and feeling, alone sufficient to redeem any picture. The lancer on horseback, and many others, are worthy of attention; but as to the gormandizer, seated in so prominent a situation, we heartily wish he were sent trudging with the oyster-woman aforesaid, who supplies him; that man never saw service!

In conclusion we must not omit to remark that Mr. Burnet, the engraver, has executed his task with a degree of delicacy and skill calculated fully to sustain his former high reputation.

Drama.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—The Brigand; Popping the Question; Hyder Ali.

Saturday.—The Duenna; Hyder Ali.

Monday.—Macbeth; Hyder Ali.

Tuesday.—Love in a Village; Hyder Ali.

Wednesday.—School for Scandal; Hyder Ali.

Thursday.—The Love Charm, or the Village Coquette; Popping the Question; Hyder Ali.

AUBER'S Opera of *Le Philtre*, which has been acting as a burletta at the Olympic during the week, was produced here, under the title of *The Love Charm*, on Thursday evening, but too late for very particular notice by us. The music is quite in the foreign style, some of it very scientific and ingenious, but none of it, with the exception of a pleasing ballad allotted to Mrs. Wood in the first act, calculated to attract or gratify the mixed audience of so large a theatre. The drama, which we need scarcely add is exceedingly stupid, was but poorly received;—the Olympic version, though bad enough, is still passable. Great credit is due to Mrs. Wood, Mr. A. Seguin, and Mr. Phillips, for the admirable style in which the concerted pieces were executed. This opera, we think, cannot hope to enjoy a long run.

Miss Phillips attempted the part of *Lady Macbeth* on Monday, and we are not sorry to add that the attempt proved a failure. This young lady pleases us too

* The hypercriticism of a writer in *The Spectator*, who remarks that this female "is apparently the wife of a private soldier, whose names are never inserted in the returns of the *Gazette*," and adds, that "this little error, when detected, spoils the effect of a touching episode," might have been spared had that gentlemen read the printed references that accompany the plate, which distinctly state that it is her husband's regiment she is looking for.

much in the softer features of human nature, to allow us to desire her adoption of the loftier, but less engaging, parts of tragedy. Her performance of *Lady Teazle*, on Wednesday, was much more to our taste;—graceful, naïve, and becomingly spirited, if not a perfect representation, at least it is the best we have seen for many years.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—Henry the Eighth; a Genius Wanted.

Saturday.—The Army of the North; a Genius Wanted; Simpson and Co.; Teddy the Tiller.

Monday.—Henry the Eighth; The Army of the North.

Tuesday.—The Maid of Judah; The Army of the North.

Wednesday.—Henry the Eighth; a Genius Wanted.

Thursday.—Fra Diavolo; Simpson and Co.

A NEW *soi-disant* "historical" drama was acted here on Saturday, and after being twice repeated has been withdrawn. *The Army of the North, or The Spaniard's Secret*, was the production of the prolific pen of Mr. Planché, but being, according to the *Tatler*, "by no means one of the author's best in point of writing," we need not make further inquiry into the cause of its failure. Here also, on Thursday evening, was produced an opera of Auber's, and really in a creditable style, and with complete success. M. Auber, we think, should feel obliged to the managers of Covent Garden for thus rescuing his name from the slur which the disgraceful interpolation and spoliation of his *Fra Diavolo* at Drury Lane, and other minor theatres, last season, had cast upon it. With the efficient aid of Braham, (in the part last year played by Wallack!) seconded by *all but* the best of a talented operatic company, and with the concomitant advantages of good scenery and stage effect, this piece went off with *éclat*, and we have no doubt will prove a hit. Braham was most heartily applauded, and every body persisted in asserting that he was growing younger every day he lived!

Miscellanea.

TO THE LADIES (*confidential*).—An obliging correspondent from Paris, in a letter, dated October 20, writes us as follows:—"I take the liberty of hinting to your lady subscribers that there is about to appear a new and most elegant addition to female costume; I say *hint*, because, as you well know, the winter fashions here are always kept a profound secret till after the 1st of November. I give you this timely information in order that your fair readers and countrywomen may hoard up a little of their pin-money for the purpose of being early in the field of fashion." How kind, how considerate! Then she adds an account of this forthcoming no-

velty, which appears to be of a most magnificent description:—"This elegant new mode consists of muffs, tippets, and trimmings for the bottom of a lady's gown; the material is velvet or kerseymere, richly embroidered with nosegays, wreaths, and other fancy patterns, in coloured silks and gold thread; the flowers have a natural and most brilliant appearance. These articles may be bought separately or in suits. The muff costs about sixty, the trimmings for gowns, fifty, and the tippet or pelerine, thirty francs."

Dr. Johnson's Opinion of History.—"History was, in the doctor's opinion, to use the fine expression of Lord Plunkett, an old almanack: historians could, as he conceived, claim no higher dignity than that of almanack-makers; and his favourite historians were those who, like Lord Hailes, aspired to no higher dignity. He always spoke with contempt of Robertson. Hume he would not even read. He affronted one of his friends for talking to him about Cataline's conspiracy, and declared that he never desired to hear of the Punic war again as long as he lived."

SCHOOL SLAVERY.—"Assuredly learning is a thing of almost inestimable value; but still I doubt it may be bought too dearly. Why should the season of childhood, which God and nature have ordained to be a period of freedom from cares and toils, be converted into one of labour and anxiety for the sake of a little premature knowledge, which the early and tender intellect is unable to comprehend, or the comprehension of which requires an effort of the mind which stints its growth for ever afterward. Knowledge should only keep pace with the natural growth of the human faculties. If it comes to exceed the power of the mind, and to be too great for the grasp of our reason and judgment, the over-burdened intellect becomes but an ass, laden with treasures of no use to the bearer, and only calculated to oppress the wholesome vigour and vivacity of nature. When I see a little urchin who ought to be enjoying nature's holyday, and strengthening his constitution by wholesome exercise to bear the vicissitudes of the world in after times, kidnapped and sent to school, to sit on a bench for four or five hours together, employed in learning by rote what he is unable to comprehend, I cannot help contemplating him as a slave and the victim of the vanity of the parent and the folly of the teacher. Such a system is only calculated to lay a foundation for disease and decrepitude, to stint the physical and intellectual growth, and to produce a premature old age of body and mind."—*Dutchman's Fireside*.

CORRESPONDENCE shall be attended to, next week.

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